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Rabbi J. Leonard Levy D. D.

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The Message of Lincoln

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THE MESSAGE OF LINCOLN*

Scripture Lesson: Isaiah liii.

By His knowledge shall my righteous servant bring many unto righteousness. (Isaiah liii., 11.)

The fifty-third chapter of the Book of Isaiah has been traditionally interpreted by Biblical scholars as a forecast of the character of the Messiah. While many Jewish scholars have taught that Isaiah, in drawing the picture of the man of sorrows, may have had in mind some great personality such as an inspiring prophet not yet born, or the people of Israel in some remote age, the consensus of opinion seems to be that Isaiah, in this fifty-third chapter, was painting the picture of a hero already dead, rather than of some great man yet to be born.

Isaiah's Prophecy.

Christian theologians, almost without exception, until within our times, have regarded this chapter as an indubitable forecast, a prediction, a prophecy, of the person of the Messiah. "Mashia'h" is, as you know, a He-

*Delivered before the Rodeph Shalom Congregation, Pittsburgh, Pa., Sunday, February 12, 1911, by J. Leonard Levy, Rabbi. Stenographically reported by Caroline Loewenthal.

brew word, which, transliterated in English, gives us the word Messiah; translated into Greek it becomes Christos, and Christos adopted into English becomes Christ; so that Mashia'h, the Hebrew term, gives us the words Messiah and Christ. The terms Messiah and Christ are not names. Each is a title. Just as we speak of Napoleon, "the Great," Charles "Martel," Alexander, "the Great," so the Hebrews spoke of their Messiah, or Christ, giving to the person bearing the name, a title, "the" Messiah, or "the" Christ.

When we consider the original word from which Messiah and Christ have been taken, we find that the Hebrew "Mashia'h" means "anointed,"—a term applied to the Jewish King, the High Priest and likewise even to a heathen. In the forty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, Cyrus is called God's Christ, or anointed one. It pleased the theologians of the early church to take the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, which is the picture of some saintly martyr who suffered greatly at the hands of the people, and conceive that Isaiah, who died at the end of the sixth century, B. C. E., did not have before his mind's eye some person who suffered as he indicated in this chapter; nor some suffering servant of humanity already dead, as described in this chapter; nor a general picture of men who, in all lands and in all ages, have risen as servants of God and man, and who have died because of their service; but one special servant, one chosen person.

Theology's View.

This person, the church said and has continued to say for the last eighteen hundred years and more, was

Jesus of Nazareth. In a word, the church has taught that the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah is not only a forecast of the coming of a Christ, but is a prophecy, a promise and a prediction of the advent of one it calls the only true Christ, Jesus of Nazareth, who was to die in the manner indicated, who was to become the atonement for the world, upon whom was to be placed the burdens of humanity's sins and who, as an offering pleasing to God, was to expiate the transgressions of humanity. The church indicated that Jesus was despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows, acquainted with grief; that he was not received by those to whom he came; that he voluntarily made for himself a sad death; that by his death he has brought peace to the millions; that he has been the atonement offering of mankind; and that his blood has washed away the guilt of humanity.

Changing View.

Modern critics, among whom are men like Professor Kirkpatrick of Cambridge University, and Professor Cheyne of Oxford, and scores of others, who are still in the orthodox Protestant Church, are slowly beginning to teach that which Jews have taught for centuries,—that the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah is a picture of God's suffering servant,—a picture in many respects, as true of men like Socrates, Savonarola, Galileo, of all the martyrs throughout the world, as it is supposed to be true of one single martyr who is said to have died to save humanity. There are other men in history who have been despised and rejected besides Jesus of Nazareth. There are others

who have been acquainted with grief, and men of sorrows, besides him. I cite the opinions of such men as Kirkpatrick and Cheyne,* because were I to hold such an opinion, unsupported by the authority of high Christian scholarship, I might in this community be accused of "Jewish narrowness" or "Hebraic prejudices," as the phrases go. Therefore I tell you that Professor Cheyne also holds that this chapter is a eulogy written by Isaiah in the memory, and to the honor, of his great contemporary, Jeremiah, the man of sorrows of the Old Testament, a man who was despised and rejected by his people; a man who was made acquainted with much grief; a man who was, by his brethren, dropped into a filthy pit and left there to starve; a man who was forcibly carried away into Egypt by them, and who, tradition says, was murdered by one of his own people.

A Type.

It is now presumed by Jewish and non-Jewish scholarship that of some such person Isaiah of Babylon was writing when he described the typical man of sorrows, and this description was true of Jeremiah, who was a prophet; who, in his day, spoke the unpopular truth; who told his people the thing they hated to hear; who came to the sons and daughters of Israel and pointed out to them the necessary consequences of their wrong-doing; and who was, as a consequence, despised and rejected

*"The Doctrines of the Prophets," by the Rev. Prof. A. F. Kirkpatrick, D. D., "Israel—Religious Thought and Life Among the Ancient Hebrews in Post-Exilic Days," by the Rev. Prof. T. K. Cheyne, M. A., D. D.

and hated; who was a man of no comeliness that people should wish to look upon him, who had no beauty of form that men might desire him; but whom it had pleased God to afflict, and by whose suffering and through whose revelation of truth, millions upon millions have been led unto righteousness, their eyes having been opened, their lives having been cheered, their souls having been uplifted.

The New Theology.

The old school of theology held that it was necessary for man to believe certain things in this world in order to be saved in the next. There is a new school of theology that believes that any theology that teaches without regard to sociology is doomed; for the great service of the church is not to prepare men to die, but to help them to live; not to show man the way to another world, but to show him the right way in this world; not to "save" his soul for all eternity in some other existence, but to enable him to get the best out of this existence. This does not mean that we, who believe this new theology, deny another existence beyond the grave. On the contrary, the sweet hope of immortality is stronger in the souls of men who teach this new theology than ever it could be, in my judgment, in the hearts and souls of those who feared hell and desired heaven, and who were virtuous in the hope of being rewarded in the one place and in the dread of being punished in the other place. This new school of theology is represented by men like Campbell in London, the Abbe Houtain in Paris, Pere

Hyacinthe in Geneva, Crapsey in Rochester, and others, not to speak of the many teachers in the Jewish pulpit, men of radical thought, and who have been the pioneers in this respect.

We believe, then, that this world is the place in which to work out our salvation, and that religion must toil to make us better men and women, and must inspire us to become better citizens here on earth, rather than teach us some mythical scheme of salvation in a world entirely beyond our ken. When the world understands this, it will see that Isaiah, chapter fifty-three, refers not to one man alone, but portrays a type. It may apply to Jeremiah, it may apply to Jesus, it may apply to Socrates, it may apply to Savonarola, it may apply to men, in many lands, in many ages. It may apply to the noble army of sainted martyrs, who went to their graves in defense of principle, to every great human leader who, in defense of his or her convictions, has died, believing that their service would make other men righteous, believing that in their death they might seal with their blood the covenant that right is right because God is God.

True of Lincoln.

I believe that while every word and verse may not absolutely apply to each of these characters in detail; that while every verse cannot truthfully be said to apply more to Jesus of Nazareth than to other teachers and martyrs; that while there are some verses in this fifty-third chapter that, perhaps, cannot be said to portray exact facts concerning some of these characters, yet, when

we make allowances for Eastern trope and Oriental imagination and Palestinian metaphor, we have in the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah as true a picture of America's saint, Abraham Lincoln, as has ever been delineated by scholar, student or historian.

If ever it was true of a man that he had no comeliness that men might desire him, it was true of Lincoln. If ever it was true of any man that he was a man of sorrows, it was true of Lincoln. If ever it was true of any man that he was acquainted with grief, it was true of Lincoln. If ever it was true of a nation that, like sheep, they had gone astray, had esteemed one stricken of God who was its chosen savior, it was true of the American people during the time of the Civil War. And if any nation ever realized its mistake and penitently paid tribute to a man, in the words of Isaiah, that by his knowledge the righteous servant brought many unto righteousness, it was true of this self-same Abraham Lincoln.

One hundred and two years ago today in a little cabin in the wilds of Kentucky, the child saw light for the first time; today the nation sees light in his light. One hunded and two years ago, in poverty, amid surroundings that would try most men's souls, his parents gave him to the world; today, the whole world receives him. One hundred and two years ago, on the very confines of civilization, these parents brought into the world a child who was to be a rough backwoodsman; today, this child has grown until he is an inspiration to the entire human race, a savior of his own land, and a glorious illustration of the opportunity that America offers to each of her children.

America's Immortal.

Lincoln is dead, but he speaks. He is gone, but he remains. His chair is vacant, but the nation is filled with his presence. His lips are dust, but they move with a mighty message to his people and to all people. His body is compounded with the elements, but his soul goes marching on. Abraham Lincoln can never be dead. He is America's great immortal. And today, after one hundred and two years from the time of his birth, today, forty-five years since the time of his death, Lincoln still grows. As Scripture says of another: "The man waxed great, and went forward, and grew until he became very great." (Gen. xxxvi, 13.)

A few months ago in the company of a few of the women of this congregation, I went through the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington and stood for a few moments in the presence of the latest bust of Lincoln that has been added to our national gallery of presidents and public servants. It is perhaps the most unique piece of statuary I have ever gazed upon in my life,—a carved head of stone upon a block of stone. The sculptor has made no attempt even to suggest the full form of the greatest of departed Americans; the head alone is placed upon a pedestal of stone and the head is almost as large as the pedestal. For some time we gazed upon this unique statue, and then I expressed this thought: "It seems to me that the sculptor desired to indicate to us by this piece of statuary that Lincoln has grown greater and greater since his death. For you see this head is thrice, perhaps four times, the size of its natural prototype.

Lincoln has grown in that proportion during the forty-five years ago since the assassin's bullet laid him low."

"La Foi."

You may rightly ask why it is that the American people, teachers, students, clergymen; why, throughout the world, men of the same class, everywhere, are unanimous in their appreciation of this rugged backwoodsman, this lawyer, this gaunt, homely man who, in the most strenuous period of American civilization, served this people? And the best answer I can give to you today is to tell you the bare outline of a play I saw in London about fifteen months ago, and which brought home to me, more clearly than anything I have ever read concerning Lincoln, the great service he rendered to humanity. The play is called "La Foi," and is written by M. Brieux, the celebrated French playright. It is in four acts, and the fourth act has two scenes. With the title of "False Gods" it was performed in London under the direction of Sir Herbert Beerbohm-Tree, who was kind enough to lend me the manuscript of the play from which I prepared this brief summary.

The story deals with events which are supposed to have occurred in Egypt about 1300 B. C. E., at a time when the popular belief still prevailed that it was necessary, if the River Nile did not overflow at the time appointed, to throw into the river a virgin, whose death would be regarded as an atonement and a source of such satisfaction to the gods that the river would rise and, by overflowing, spread fertility throughout Egypt. In the

opening scene we are introduced into the courtyard of wealthy Rheou's beautiful house, where the gods of Upper and Lower Egypt stand upon pedestals, and where a number of charming maidens are discussing the probability of being selected as "Bride of the Nile," a privilege which each covets most fervently.

The people bow in great reverence before the stone images, their respect being nourished by Mieris, Rheou's wife, who is blind, and who daily prays to Isis to restore her sight and daily honors the goddess with offerings of sweet-smelling flowers. But the popular reverence is not sincere; it is a mere idle superstition, as is soon seen when two workmen come into the courtyard to repair the broken horns of a statue of Apis. At first the men are stricken with fear as they contemplate the horrible visage of their deity. How dare a layman touch the sacred form of a god? But once they place their hands upon the holy object and no harm results, they lift it contemptuously from its pedestal and even kick it as a mark of their disdain, now that the popular idol is down. The damage repaired, the workmen withdraw, and the maidens gather in the courtyard soon to learn that Yaouma, the beautiful bride-to-be of Satni, (a former applicant for the priesthood, but who has lost faith in the gods while traveling), has been selected as the sacrifice to the Nile.

As the solemn procession, which is to conduct Yaouma to the river, is about to form, Satni enters. In order to reach his bride more speedily he has actually dared to leap over two dead scarabs, an act of dreadful impiety. When he learns of Yaouma's willing fate, he determines

to save her. He declares that the gods of Egypt are false gods, that they made not man, but that man made them. The maiden's faith is unshaken. She refuses to accept Satni's arguments as he pleads with her to renounce the false gods, who represent idle superstitions, and to flee with him in pursuit of life and love. Yaouma refuses; in the hearing of all the people she announces her irrevocable decision to die in the Nile and save her country, rather than find happiness in the arms of the man who adores her.

Two months later, in the second act, we learn that an unusual storm has broken down the embankment whence Yaouma was to have been thrown into the Nile. For the time being she is saved; but the people believe that Satni must have some unknown influence with the gods, who have sent the storm in answer to his prayers in behalf of his beloved Yaouma. In their ignorace they believe that he must be a miracle-worker. The blind, the lame, the sick, come to him to cure them, pleading that he lay his hands upon them, or that he permit them to touch the hem of his garment, that they may be restored to health.

Among those who would beseech his help is Mieris, the blind wife of the wealthy Rheou. Daily has she appeared before Isis and offered her ineffective prayers. Daily has she cried: "Mother Isis, give me sight!" Daily has she, for years, returned to the room to sigh, to sob, to weep. But now Satni will heal her. Is he not more powerful than the gods? Of course, in that state of the public mind, Satni is able to cure some forms of hysterical sickness. But he soon realizes that to continue doing

so would be replacing an old superstition by a new one. He decides to bring the issue to a close by publicly denouncing the false gods of Egypt. He indulges in a tirade against the gods, telling the people that the deities of Egypt have enslaved them, and inciting the people to break their idols and crush them under foot. The crowd, excited by his words, falls furiously upon the wooden, stone and bronze gods, and leaps with joy as it performs its sacrilegious task. The gods lie on the ground, broken in a thousand pieces, as the second act closes.

The author now indicates the consequences of the people's loss of faith in the popular idols. Theft, burglary, murder, mark the progress of the people, who feel relieved of their obligations to gods and men. Satni has released a Frankenstein, which he cannot control. Even those who have regarded him as a god demand that he restore them their lost faith and offer them some tangible deity in place of the gods he has urged them to destroy. Little by little Satni's friends forsake him. Yaouma is completely alienated from him, and, to crown his misfortunes, his father, Pakh, is mortally wounded in a riot and dies cursing the son who had robbed him of his faith without offering a substitute.

The fourth act opens in the Temple, where the Pharaoh and the High Priest meet to discuss the best methods of overcoming the influence of Satni and of ending the disorder caused by his teachings. The rationalist is arrested and brought before the priest in the magnificent Temple. After some argument, in which it is clearly shown that Satni believes in God, but not in the gods, while the High Priest believes that the people de-

manded "gods who go before them," Satni utterly rejects the false gods, denounces their worship and those who conduct it, charges the priests with forging fetters about the minds of the people and with retarding human progress by indulging their superstitions. The High Priest, however, is resolved to prove to the youth the error of his ways, and decides to appeal to his sense of fear to bring him to his knees and to have him acknowledge the gods.

Of a sudden every light in the Temple is extinguished. A "darkness that may be felt" spreads terror in the heart of the struggler against the gods. Left to himself, Satni, crouching on the ground, begins to contend against the superstitions of his childhood, against the longing sense of reverence awakened in the holy precincts of the Temple. It was wonderful to observe the psychological study, I may say in passing, as the youth conquered his fears, and step by step, overcame his prejudices, until he rose emancipated, saying, "Fear is animal, beasts are afraid, men do not fear!"

When the priest observes that Satni cannot be conquered thus, he determines to appeal to his sympathy. That day, he tells him, is the Feast of Isis. "Today, the sick, the lame, the halt, the blind, the unhappy, all come to the Temple to witness the miracle of the goddess Isis. If she shakes her head cures will be effected by the thousands; if she fails to do so, another year of misery will follow for the unfortunates. Of course, the stone deity could not move her head; this is effected by means of a lever attached to the altar; but the people care not how it is done, if only it is done. "Now," said the High Priest

to Satni, "I have selected you to turn that lever, to prove to you the folly of destroying the popular gods, and especially have I selected you since you are so sure that the miracle cannot happen." Satni refuses indignantly, but before he can flee from the Temple the crowd of worshippers enter the sacred enclosure and he is compelled to witness the appeal of this dreadful group of lame, blind, paralyzed, crippled human beings, and to hear them offer their prayers in which they are led by the High Priest. Piteously, desperately, they cry, "Isis, Mother Isis, heal us!"

Satni stands by the altar close to the lever, which, if gently pressed, will cause the goddess to incline her head in approval of the prayers and in acceptance of the offerings. He sees the infatuated believers enter. He hears their cries for help. He observes the many ills from which they suffer. But he remains determined; to yield is but further to forge the fetters of superstition about the minds of the people. Then sufferers from the plague enter the Temple and bow before the goddess. The lepers come and prostrate themselves before the idol. Still he remains firm. A woman smitten with madness approaches the shrine, and Satni is perceptibly moved as he hears her pray to have her reason restored.

Then comes a mother with her only child. She bends before the statue of Isis and cries, "Mother of god, heal my child! Every other child hast thou taken from me! This child alone hast thou left me, and now a demon has entered it and threatens to rob me of it. Oh, Mother Isis, grant me my petition! Give me my request, thou Mother, who hast suffered! Heal my little babe!"

Satni groans. Sobs break from him. He can no more restrain himself. Finally he presses the lever. The miracle of Isis happens,—the goddess graciously inclines her head. The paralytics regain the use of atrophying limbs. The blind see. The lame throw away their crutches. The people are delirious with joy, the High Priest is triumphant and the gods once more hold sway.

Satni, of course, becomes an object of derision. The High Priest sees to it that he is buffeted, insulted, attacked, on all sides. Calling the people to him, one day, in the Temple, Satni tells them the truth about the miracle of Isis. He realizes that he had done wrong in yielding to the impulse of sympathy, that he had prevented the march of human progress by a generation. He now endeavors, when too late, to convince the people that the miracle was a simple trick. "It was not Isis who healed you. She never moved her head. I did it. I touched the spring that shook the head of stone!" They believe him not, and while he sees that he can evoke no response from them, he also sees that the solemn procession in which is Yaouma, his beloved, who is about to be sacrificed to the Nile. The people leave him as he stands on the altar addressing them, to follow the procession, crying, "Yaouma, Yaouma! Glory to her who dies to save Egypt! Praised be thou, O Amon-Ra!"

Left alone in the Temple, Bitiou, a cripple to whom Satni has done naught but good, creeps up to him on tiptoe, and stabs him to the heart. As he lies alone, bleeding to death, Mieris, the blind, comes to him and says: "O, Satni, thy words have comforted me; but I hear that Yaouma, filled with the joy of self-sacrifice, has left thee.

Everyone must sacrifice himself, as you say. But if there are no gods, for whom shall we sacrifice ourselves?" With his dying breath Satni announces the truth, to illustrate which I have told this story. "We must sacrifice ourselves for those who suffer."

He Died For the Suffering.

This is but the story of a play, a mere figment of the imagination, yet it is a portrayal of the dominant notes of the life of Abraham Lincoln, given by a man who neither saw nor knew him: Abraham Lincoln waged war against false gods. He even dared to tell the people that the gods they worshipped were false. The people said to him, as it were, "If our gods are false, then to whom shall we consecrate, or sacrifice, ourselves?" Lincoln replied, and his answer became his wisdom in his day, "For those who suffer." That answer is part of his message to our age. We must again sacrifice ourselves for those who suffer. Only by means of suffering Messiahs does the world march forward. We sorely need those Arnold von Winkelrieds who seize the spears of the enemy and, drawing them into their own breasts, break the enemy's ranks and make way for liberty; for liberty only flourishes and grows along the path blazed by martyrdom. Abraham Lincoln's spirit speaks to us today, "The country I served, the country I saved, is today suffering; and you, the people, in whose behalf I died, must rise today in your might and majesty and save the country in behalf of which I went to my death." This is his message, this is his word to us today.

That in his age he was not appreciated, that in his day he had to suffer, did not make him fret. He was consecrated to a duty. God and he made a majority, he felt. He knew that he was right. He cared not for approval, and was not moved by criticism. He knew that souls of human stars are accustomed to dwell apart, yet they shine in their appointed sphere. He knew that the leaders of men dwell on the heights where few can immediately follow. A truth realized and lived by Lincoln, sang the poet when he said:

"'Twas ever so, that he who dared
To sail upon a sea unknown
Must go upon a voyage unshared
And brave its perils alone.

He who from Palos, toward the West
Sought for a new world o'er the sea,
Sailed forth distrusted and unblest,
While e'en his ship hatched mutiny.

And he who, not content to sit
And dream of far-off shores of truth,
Watching the sea-bird fancies flit
And wavelets creep through all his youth,

Must sail unblest of those behind,
And bear e'en love's reproaching tone;
Only the guiding God is kind
To him who dares to sail alone."

Fearless Minority.

Was it not so with Lincoln? He sailed alone. He saw the rocks when others saw them not. He saw the reefs that other eyes could not behold. He saw the shallows whose existence others could not believe. Therefore, alone, he captained the ship of state, and guided it amidst rocks and reefs and shallows, until peace crowned his efforts, until he set his name high above all other names in the history of our land. Therefore, Lincoln tells us today, "Be not afraid if you are a minority; remember that I was in the minority! If you are struggling, remember that I struggled! If you are suffering public contempt; remember that I was despised and rejected! If men hate you and evilly despite you and cover your name with obloquy, if men vent their wrath upon you and call you evil names, remember that I, too, suffered this fate in my day! If men shun you, if men ostracize you, if men cover you with contempt, remember that my estate was the same!"

Name Above All Americans Names.

Glory be to God that, in His loving wisdom, He gave unto us such a man. By his knowledge hath this righteous servant brought many unto righteousness. Innocent childhood, learning to lisp its numbers, loves this name above all other American names. Ardent youth, contemplating the unbounded opportunities of a free land in which there is no North, or South, or East, or West, delights to remember that Lincoln lived. Progres-

sive manhood, turning the pages of history, pauses to consider the wonderful record associated with the name that is an inspiration, not only to America, but to all humanity. Wise and conservative age, in naming that one man who is, of all men, "the" American, repeats of Abraham Lincoln what Lowell sang in his "Commemoration Ode:"

"He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide.
Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes;
These are all gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American."

Lincoln's Religion.

This first American, from the height of his immortal fame, tells us today that we should have for our religion the religion that was his; the religion that was the faith of every prophet of humanity; the religion that sprang from direct intercourse with the true God, and that shunned every false god; the religion that is summed up in the two great laws of love inscribed by Moses, and repeated by Jesus, and endorsed by the conscience of

humanity; the religion of faith in one God and one humanity, not restricted by creed or color or condition or country, but inspired by the love of God on the one hand, and the love of man on the other. This does not mean that a time will soon come in the history of the human race when all men will meet at the same hour, read from the same book, offer the same prayers, and hear the same speech in the same tongue. But it does mean that, making due allowance for our preferences, every man shall have the God-given right to love his God and serve his fellowman, according to the dictates of his conscience, and without being required to sacrifice his human rights in defense of his religious principles.

Abraham Lincoln also urges us to continue to have faith in democracy. By democracy, I do not mean a party, but a principle. The soul of "the plain people" may be trusted. The common people, the plain people of America, were Lincoln's people. I believe that, if Lincoln hated anything, he hated aristocracy. He had no antipathy to the true aristocrat, because I believe that every real democrat knows that there is a true aristocracy, the aristocracy of intellect, the aristocracy of goodness, the aristocracy of character. But this spurious type of aristocracy that is growing up in America, whose coat of arms is a money bag, whose aspirations are limited to the views expressed by Wall Street,—to the aristocracy that worships, adores and buys titles,—that type Lincoln hated, and in his name every American is invited to hate it today because it is opposed to the principles of American democracy.

Faith in Democracy.

Lincoln believed that the people were capable of governing themselves, and every man who has faith in him believes that he was right. He realized that this nation was called into existence to give a new trend to humanity. The old world had been bathed with human blood, shed by tyranny, despotism and prejudice. The old world was ruled by an aristocracy based upon the mere accident of birth. The old world was dominated by a union of church and state, and the offenses committed by the united church and state form one of the foulest blots on the pages of history. Here, upon the virgin soil, a new chance was to be given to man, not only to enjoy civil, political and religious liberty, but also to develop the highest form of liberty, possible only where democracy triumphs,—economic equality and liberty. America enjoys it not yet, but we see it coming. The hand-writing, condemning the old systems, may be seen upon the walls. Justice is beginning to triumph; the eyes of men are beginning to be opened. Man now understands that oppression has been laid upon them, that taskmasters have been whipping them, that shackles have been put upon them by false ideals and false beliefs; and now, in the name of their rights, Lincoln's plain people are demanding justice and, by the Eternal, they will some day get it.

Lincoln's Message.

From the celestial heights he sends us the message to serve and to save his people. The American people

may be divided into three parts; ten per cent froth, who reach the top; ten per cent filth, who are at the bottom; eighty per cent clean, sweet, fresh water, in between the froth at the top and the filth below. I do not presume to give these figures with anything like exactness, but in a general sense only. That eighty per cent of the American people, clean, sweet, wholesome, honest, hard-working, are the hope of humanity. They are the people after Lincoln's heart, and this message is addressed to them in his name. They fear not that their efforts have been checked. They are not dismayed that craft and cunning have temporarily won the day. They know that the right must win and that the plain people can be trusted to assert themselves in defense of that which Lincoln died to save. May the time not be long distant when democracy will triumph. "With malice toward none, with charity for all," heeding the lessons which Lincoln's life teaches, may we go forward "with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, neither fainting, nor failing, nor falling!

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